

Swift, as a bird, he flies ! and quickly  
footeth,  
Now to these men ! and women, now to  
those !  
But yet he fits within their veiy marrow  
A little bow, and in that bow, an arrow!  
A small flight-shaft, but still to heavenward  
goes!  
About his neck, a golden dart-barrow!  
In which, he placeth every bitter dart;  
Which, often, even at me 1 he  
throws! All full of cruelty ! all full  
of smart!  
And yet this thing more wondrous! A  
small brand That even the very sun itself  
doth burn !

If him thou take; pitiless, lead him, bound  
! And, if thou chance to see him weep,  
return ! Then (lest he thee deceive), his  
tears withstand ! And if he laugh, draw him  
along the ground ! If he would kiss, refuse !  
His lips confound ! For those alone be  
poisoned evermore ! But if he say, \* Take I  
these I give to thee ! All those my weapons  
which belong to me ! \* Touch them not,  
when he lays them, thee before ! ! Those  
gifts of his, all false and fiery be! "

FINIS\*

